

## To the Eastern Shore

I's feelin' kin' o' lonesome in my little room to-night,  
An' my min's done los' de minutes an' de miles,  
W'ile it teks me back a-flyin'to de country of delight,  
Whaih de Chesapeake goes grumblin' er wid smiles.  
Oh, de ol' plantation's callin' to me, Come, come back,  
Hyeah's de place fu' you to labouh an' to res',  
Fu' my sandy roads is gleamin' w'ile de city ways is black;  
Come back, honey, case yo' country home is bes'.  
  
I know de moon is shinin' down erpon de Eastern sho',  
An' de bay's a-sayin' "Howdy" to de lan';  
An' de folks is all a-settin' out erroun' de cabin do',  
Wid dey feet a-restin' in de silvah san';  
An' de ol' plantation's callin' to me, Come, oh, come,  
F'om de life dat's des' a-whaihin' you erway,  
F'om de trouble an' de bustle, an' de agernizin' hum  
Dat de city keeps ergoin' all de day.

I's tired of de city, tek me back to Sandy Side,  
Whaih de po'est ones kin live an' play an' eat;  
Whaih we draws a simple livin' f'om de fo'est an' de tide,  
An' de days ah faih, an' evah night is sweet.  
Fu' de ol' plantaion's callin' to me, Come, oh, come.  
An' de Chesapeake's a-sayin' "Dat 's de t'ing,"  
W'ile my little cabin beckons, dough his mouf is closed an' dumb,  
I's a-comin', an' my hea't begins to sing.